

IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls
Do—Tells How She
Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn.—“I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book ‘Wisdom for Women,’ and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me feel like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life.”—Mrs. JOHN TETREAULT, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.

Massena, N. Y.—“I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The doctors called it ‘Anemia and Exhaustion,’ and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound brought me out all right.”—Miss LAVISA WYKES, Box 74, Massena, N. Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound.

Estate of Sarah A. Miles

STATE OF VERMONT
District of Orleans, ss.
The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans,
To all persons interested in the estate of Sarah A. Miles, late of Browninton in said District, deceased.

GREETING:
At a Probate Court, holden at Newport within and for said District on the 18th day of September, 1915, an instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Sarah A. Miles late of Browninton in said District, deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid, for Probate.

And it is ordered, by said Court that the 15th day of October, 1915 at Colby Stoddard’s office in Orleans, at 1:30 o’clock p. m., be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Orleans County Monitor, a newspaper circulating in that vicinity, in said District, previous to the time appointed.

THEREFORE, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have cause.
Given under my hand at Newport, in said District, this 18th day of September 1915.
RUFUS W. SPEAR, Judge.

OLD AND NEW WAY TO TREAT CATARRH

Breathing a Germ-Killing Air Endorsed
by Actual Results.

The discovery of Hyomei has wrought a wonderful change in the treatment of catarrh. Prior to three years ago the medicines ordinarily employed in the cure of this disease were drugs, sprays, lotions, etc. In some instances they benefited, but the improvement was not lasting.

With Hyomei you take into the air passages of your throat and head a balsamic air that goes into the minutest cells, and should effectually kill all germs and microbes of catarrh. Its purpose is to enter the blood with the oxygen, killing the germs in the blood, and restore health to the whole system. Many astonishing testimonials have been received from those who have been helped by Hyomei.

A complete outfit is inexpensive and includes an inhaler, dropper and sufficient Hyomei for several weeks’ treatment.

Perhaps the strongest evidence that can be given to doubters, is the fact that F. D. Pierce has so much faith in Hyomei that he sells every package under a positive guarantee to refund the money if it does not relieve.

Sold and guaranteed in Orleans by F. J. Kinney.

DOUBLY PROVEN.

Barton Readers Can No Longer Doubt
the Evidence.

This Barton citizen testified long ago.
Told of quick relief—of undoubted benefit.

The facts are now confirmed.
Such testimony is complete—the evidence conclusive.

It forms convincing proof of merit.

Mrs. E. C. Wilkie, High street, Barton, says: “For quite a while my kidneys were disordered and I suffered from pains in my back and other symptoms of kidney complaint. Knowing of people who had been cured by Doan’s Kidney Pills, I got a supply at the Barron Company’s store and began using them. Three boxes brought about a great improvement.”
OVER TWO YEARS LATER, Mrs. Wilkie said: “Doan’s Kidney Pills have proven very satisfactory to me and others of my family, and I don’t hesitate in again recommending them.”

Price 50c at all dealers. Don’t simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan’s Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Wilkie has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of “Their Married Life.” Author of “The Journal of a Neglected Wife,” “The Woman Alone,” etc.

At Midnight Mrs. Colburn, Terrified and Hysterical, Runs Down to Their Apartment

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A telegram! It was after 11—nothing else would come so late.

With the thrilled alarm and expectancy that a telegram arouses, Helen turned on the hall light and opened the door.

Instead of a blue-coated messenger there stood Mrs. Colburn in bare feet, her hair down, and only a kimono over her nightgown.

A frightened glance over her shoulder, and she darted in, closed the door, locked and leaned against it, trembling with and terror.

“Don’t let him in!” hysterically. “If he comes after me—oh, don’t let him in!”

Without stopping to question her, Helen drew her into her room, and snatched from the closet a bathrobe and slippers.

“Come over here by the radiator. You shouldn’t have come down those stone steps in your bare feet!” Helen’s voice was soothingly matter of fact.

“Oh, I didn’t have time—I was in bed when he came in!” incoherently. “I’m afraid of him! Oh, I can’t go back—I’m never going back!”

“I wouldn’t talk about it now,” wrapping the robe around her. “Get warm first; you’re chilled through. Would you like a little brandy?”

“No—no,” with shuddering revulsion, for alcohol was the cause of her husband’s brutality. “Oh, you won’t let him in—say that you won’t!”

“Of course not,” reassuringly, “but he’ll not come down here. If he’s been drinking, he won’t want us to see him.”

“Oh, he wouldn’t care. He doesn’t care for anything when he’s like this. Look!” baring her arm to a purple bruise on the white skin. “Oh, what ever he says—you won’t let him in?”

“I told you I wouldn’t! Wait, I’ll tell Mr. Curtis. No, keep that around you—you’re shivering.”

Ever since the night Mr. Colburn had shot himself, Helen had been vaguely apprehensive; and now Mrs. Colburn’s dramatic appearance seemed but the culmination of her fears.

That Warren would be strong! He opposed to getting mixed up in any family trouble Helen knew, and she approached him with much misgiving.

“Dear, it’s Mrs. Colburn! He’s been drinking again—she’s afraid he’ll come after her. We—we mustn’t let him in if he does.”

“Why on earth did she come down here?” sternly. “To rope us into a family row?”

“She doesn’t know anyone else in the house. She says he’s wild—he drove her out in her bare feet!”

“Huh, one of these hysterical women! Don’t know much about Colburn, but from what I’ve seen of him he seems to be a fairly decent sort.”

“She says he is—except when he’s drinking. You know that night he tried to kill himself—”

“What’s she going to do? She can’t stay here all night.”

“Yes, she can—in my room! We’ll have to let her stay! Oh, what’s that?” as the bell rang clamorously.

“How do you know it’s he?” brusquely shaking her off.

From the shadowy hall Helen listened tensely as he opened the door.

“Is Mrs. Colburn here?” It was the night-elevator boy. “Mr. Colburn would like to see her.”

“Very well, I’ll give her the message,” gruffly slamming the door.

Infinitely relieved, Helen ran back to Mrs. Colburn, who was crouching by the radiator in wide-eyed terror.

“He only sent the elevator boy,” soothingly. “You see, he’s not coming himself—I knew he wouldn’t. Now lie down; you’re all a-quiver.”

But she was still pathetically agitated.

“I’ll heat you a glass of milk. That’s quieting, and maybe after a while you can get a little sleep.”

“Sleep? You think I can sleep? Oh!” with a convulsive start as the phone trembled out alarmingly shrill in the night quiet. “Oh, that’s he—I—know it! I won’t speak to him!” hysterically, “I can’t!”

Warren was taking down the receiver when Helen ran in with a whisper, “Say she’s all unstrung! She can’t come to the phone!”

“Nice mess you’re getting us in,” Then sharply, “Hello!”

Yes. Mrs. Colburn can’t come to the phone now. She’s ill—Mrs. Curtis has her in bed. She’ll be up as soon as she feels better,” abruptly cutting off.

From the door of Helen’s room Mrs. Colburn had listened terrorized.

“He’ll come down himself next,” frantically. “Oh, I know he will!”

“If he does, you won’t have to see him,” Helen assured her. “Now try to get quiet—try to relax. You’re only worrying yourself up.”

Helen brought her the warm milk, but she was too thoroughly unstrung

to be calmed by so mild a sedative. Huddled in a corner of the couch, she would not even lie down. Yet the bitterness she had felt for her husband was gradually changing to a consuming anxiety.

“Oh, if—if anything should happen! If he should try to—Oh, he’s desperate enough to do anything—and he’s up there all alone!”

“But you say it’s only at you that he gets so enraged! Now that he’s alone—he’ll quiet down.”

“If I could be sure of that! But he was so violent—he might—” Then impulsively, “Wouldn’t Mr. Curtis go up—just for a moment?”

“I don’t know,” doubtfully, feeling it would be difficult to persuade Warren to such an errand.

But as Mrs. Colburn’s anxiety grew to a sort of frenzy, Helen reluctantly consented to ask him.

“How long is this going to keep up?” he demanded irritably, as Helen came into the library. “I’d like to get to bed some time before morning.”

“Dear, now she’s afraid he’ll do something desperate. You know he did try to kill himself. Couldn’t you go up—just to see if he’s all right?”

“No, I couldn’t,” raspingly. “What excuse have I got for butting in?”

“But if he’s been drinking, he won’t—”

“Well, he’s not too drunk to resent my blowing in this time of night. What could I say? I’d feel like a fool.”

“If anything should happen! She says he’s just in the mood—Oh, Warren, do go! You’re always so tactful—you’ll know what to say!”

At last, with grumbling unwillingness, Warren started for the door.

“Nice job you’ve handed me. I’ll feel like a fool, I tell you,” as he banged out with angry emphasis.

In what condition would he find Mr. Colburn, wondered Helen uneasily. Would he be violent and abusive? Would he resent Warren’s interference?

Mrs. Colburn, every nerve taut, was waiting with feverish apprehension for Warren’s return. It seemed an hour before they heard his heavy step in the hall.

“He’s all right,” as Helen met him anxiously. “I got him to bed; he’ll sleep it off by morning.”

“Did he say anything? Did he send any message to—her?”

“Not a word. We didn’t talk about it. He said his nerves had gone back on him, and he’d been drinking a little too much. He’s not a bad sort. I’ll wager she’s one of these hysterical women—drive any man to drink.”

“Warren, that’s not true. She’s done everything for him.”

“Huh, throws a fit every time he has a couple of beers. I know the type. Now, here’s where we turn in! I’ve got to work tomorrow.”

With feverish intensity Mrs. Colburn started up as Helen entered.

“Mr. Curtis has put him to bed. He said he’ll sleep it off—that he’ll be all right in the morning.”

“Oh!” with a sob of relief, then raising her eyes dark-ringed with suffering, “Do—do you think,” falteringly, “that I ought to go?”

“That’s something you must decide for yourself,” gently.

“Oh, it’s always like this—I always weaken. I’ve started to leave him a dozen times—and I always go back. Even now I’m wondering if he’s covered up—if he won’t take cold.”

“I know, it’s the mother instinct—every woman has it. Yes,” musingly, “perhaps you’d better go back—you’ll be more content. And after this,” Helen tried to say it hopefully, “it may not happen again.”

“Oh, I don’t delude myself any more,” with weary bitterness. “It’ll happen again. It’ll keep on happening, until he—”

“You mustn’t think that. Sometimes just by thinking we—No, keep that robe around you.”

Helen followed her to the door, and waited until she disappeared up the dimly lit stairs that wound around the elevator shaft. Then from above came the faint sound of a closing door.

When she finally crept into bed Warren was asleep. She tried not to awaken him, but he turned over heavily, with a muttered, “Well, has she quieted down?”

“Dear, she’s gone back.”

“Huh,” contemptuously, “got over her heroics, eh? What about her ‘never going back,’ and all that rot?”

Helen did not answer. Anything she could say would only arouse his combativeness, and just now she shrank from his cynical comments.

As she lay there watching the white curtain flutter out in the darkness, she was picturing Mrs. Colburn, tucking the covers about her wine-drugged husband.

It was the mother love that had taken her back—the feeling of his need of her. Having no children, all the maternal instinct had gone out to her husband. And whatever his drunken brutality, whatever her momentary rebellion, Helen knew that instinct would be strong enough to keep her with him.

CALEDONIA COUNTY.

W. A. Wright of St. Johnsbury, who conducts a large garage here, has purchased the Edison garage there and will operate it.

A large touring car, owned and driven by Fred D. Gilman of St. Johnsbury, was burned near Concord village recently. Mr. Gilman was alone in the car when flames broke out on the dash board. In attempting to beat out the flames with his bare hands Mr. Gilman was badly burned.

The St. Johnsbury Commercial club opened its campaign Friday night with a banquet in Pythian hall, with a large attendance. A resolution signed by 85 business men was passed pledging the members not to advertise except in periodicals with a regular paid subscription list. The resolution also taboored the practice of giving prizes for fairs and entertainments except with the permission of the committee.

Because he wanted to hear a big racket and have a little fun, Ezra Fisher of East Concord is at Brightlook hospital in St. Johnsbury with his face and eyes full of powder. Fisher made a hole in the ground, put in half a pint of powder and touched off the fuse, which communicated with the powder sooner than he expected, and he received the full charge in his face. The accident happened one day last week.

WEST BURKE.

O. C. Spencer is no better.

Dr. Johnson of Concord was in town last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Jenkins spent Saturday in North Troy.

Miss Hazel Burbank of St. Johnsbury was in town Friday.

Mrs. Frank Humphrey of St. Johnsbury was in town last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Angell of Randolph visited at the parsonage recently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hall have been visiting relatives and friends in Barton.

Mrs. Nettie McCoy spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Porter Wallace of Newark.

Mrs. Mary Bailey is quite ill again, and Mrs. Roy of Burke has been caring for her.

Mrs. Fanny Sargeant has been pending the past week at E. L. Watson’s in Sutton.

Mrs. S. E. Leach visited her daughter, Ruth, in Montpelier, the first of last week.

Frank Aldrich of Suncook, N. H., was the guest of Mrs. Cynthia Aldrich Wednesday.

Miss Anna Angell was operated upon for appendicitis in Randolph last week, and is doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Bugbee spent the week-end with their son, Clarence Bugbee, in Newport.

Mrs. S. I. Howland has gone to a sanitarium in Attleboro, Mass., to be treated for rheumatism.

Mrs. Katie McCarthy of Bellows Falls has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. C. H. Colburn.

Manson Whipple, formerly of Sutton, has moved to West Burke, and is living in F. R. Whipple’s house on the Barton road.

H. G. Woodruff is selling fresh fish, running a cart through this village, East Burke, Sutton and the surrounding country.

Dr. Flynn Bolton, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bolton, has been quite ill during the past week.

M. H. Lewis has rented the L. O. Sleeper house recently vacated by W. G. Angier and Mrs. May Stevens is keeping house for him.

Miss Celia Spencer of Waltham and Ray Spencer of Boston were called home Sunday by the critical illness of their father, O. C. Spencer.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner Drown are visiting relatives in Bradford and Newbury, N. H., and Mrs. Lucia has been spending a week with her son in East Burke.

Miss Florence Humphrey is now having her fall opening and those who are interested in the hat question should pay her a call at their earliest opportunity.

Mrs. W. J. Hill, who has been in Newark, caring for her invalid mother since April, has returned home, bringing her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Spencer, with her for the winter.

The young men of this village will give a dance in the new Montgomery hall after the picture show Wednesday evening, Oct. 13. Music will be furnished by Sargeant’s orchestra from St. Johnsbury.

Mrs. Mary Smith has not been ill, as was stated by some mistake in last week’s issue. She has been at home for a short time, but returned last week to Holland, where she has been staying with relatives for several weeks.

The wind storm of Sunday and Monday was one of the worst ever known in this locality. The electric light line was broken in four places, leaving the village in darkness Sunday night. Fifteen telephone lines were out of order and great numbers of trees laid low, many of them blocking the highway.

SHEFFIELD.

Ruby Ash remains very ill. Mabel Richards of Greensboro was in town last week.

Herman McGuire has been ill the past week with grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Smith of Island Pond visited at Warren Ash’s Sunday.

Howard Allen of Lyndon visited his sister, Mrs. Harry Williams, Sunday.

Andrew Roberts and family visited at Archie Fitzpatrick’s in Kirby Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Blake of Lyndon were Sunday visitors at O. H. Jenness’s.

Ella Quimby and friend of Lyndon were recent visitors at Martha Underwood’s.

Mr. and Mrs. Achilles Simpson of Lyndonville visited at John Blake’s Sunday.

Edwin Richardson and family of Northwood, N. H., visited at Martha Underwood’s Sunday.

Mrs. George McFarland has returned to her home in Sutton after a few days’ visit with her mother.

David Roberts has been home from Passumpsic for a few days, being unable to work, but is better now.

A kitchen shower was given Leila Barber Saturday night. A fine assortment of kitchen utensils was given Miss Barber.

A farewell reception was given Wiley Willard and family Saturday evening. Mr. Willard has an K. F. D. route in Passumpsic and will move his family there this week.

Mr. Johnson, who has been working for James McDowell this summer, has finished work and moved his family to Burke. Will Tyler has moved into the house where Mr. Johnson lived.

Several from this town attended the fair at Wheelock. An extra lot of vegetables was exhibited. A nice display of fancy articles, quilts and rugs, besides numerous other things helped to make the fair attractive.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Tanner were given a reception Saturday night, about 50 of their friends being present. A nice lot of presents were left, refreshments served and a general good time enjoyed.

SUTTON.

Mrs. Stephen Chesley is very low at this writing.

Harold Colburn has gone to work in the Lyndonville creamery.

Mr. Upton held a service at the Union House Sunday afternoon.

Manson Whipple has moved to West Burke into F. R. Whipple’s house.

Mrs. W. W. Sanborn is keeping house for Mrs. Harry Davis while she is in Boston.

David Gallup, who has been at C. E. Colburn’s visiting, has returned to his home in Underhill.

W. D. Wood had the misfortune to cut his hand quite badly one day last week while helping thresh at C. E. Colburn’s.

H. D. Chapman has resigned his office as tax collector and overseer of the poor and there will be a town meeting Oct. 9 for the purpose of filling the vacancies.

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE.

We are glad to report that O. W. Ingalls is much better.

Mr. and Mrs. George McFarlin have returned from Sheffield.

Dramatic club executive meeting was held at George McFarlin’s Friday evening.

Bennett H. Curtis has returned to Boston where he will resume his studies at the Boston Training school.

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX

Paint or Not

Is a horse worth more or less after feed?

Hay and oats are high today; shall I wait today and feed him tomorrow? That’s how men do about painting their houses and barns and fences. Paint has been high for several years; and so they have waited. Some are still waiting.

Their property drops a trifle a year and the next job of paint creeps-up creeps-up creeps-up; it’ll take more paint by a gallon a year; they don’t save a cent, and the property goes on suffering.

DEVOTE

E. W. Barron Co. sells it.

The “Single Damper” in Crawford Ranges

is the greatest improvement ever made in stoves. By one motion it regulates fire and oven—push the knob to “Kindle”, “Bake”, or “Check”—the range does the rest. Better than two or more dampers. Have you seen it? This Single Damper is patented—no other range has it.



The deep Ash Hod—instead of the old clumsy ash pan—with Coal Hod beside it (patented) is easy to remove—doesn’t spill ashes.

Gas ovens if desired; end [single] or elevated [double].

For Sale by
H. T. SEAVER
Barton Agent

Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., Makers, Boston

Fall and Winter Millinery

OPENING

October 2 and 4

I will be in Boston this week selecting new things for these dates.

You are cordially invited to call on the above days.



MRS. C. L. HUTCHINS
Davis Block
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Tel. 56-